

## A Deal with the Enemy

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## A Deal with the Enemy

by [rhye](#)

### Summary

James has a crush, and Sirius takes it upon himself to get James a date. This would be easier if James's crush wasn't also Sirius' own worst enemy.

### Notes

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James had been acting strangely ever since the Marauders had returned from a long and lazy summer vacation to the studious environs of Hogwarts. He was often peering tragically off at Lily Evans, making odd remarks like, "Don't you suppose that it's brilliant when someone is good at Potions?" and generally behaving like a dope. He'd also taken more of a liking than usual to picking on Severus Snape. Sirius guessed this was because Lily Evans and Snivellus were hardly ever apart from each other. James was no doubt jealous. Still, Sirius enjoyed the sport of picking on Snivellus, so he wasn't going to complain.

Sirius kept these observations to himself until one November evening. He was sitting in their Gryffindor Tower dorm room with Peter and Remus, both of whom were both hard at work on essays that Sirius was dutifully postponing until the last possible minute. Sirius, bored out of his skull, finally broke the oppressive silence. "Maybe I'll go find James and we can pick on Snivellus. He's always up for that."

Remus cleared his throat and answered, "I'd stay out of that mess if I were you."

"Why?" Sirius' question was a challenge, wondering what Remus could possibly have against poking fun at Snape, and prepared to counter any argument that Remus could think up.

"Just not a good idea to get involved in your friends' love lives. If you've learned nothing else from the novels we read for Muggle Studies, I would have hoped you'd have learned that."

"Novels," sniffed Sirius. "They aren't even about real people. Besides, Snivellus is only an annoyance to James's love life. If we get him to leave off Evans, I'll be on James's good side. Not that I'm not already." Sirius puffed out his chest a bit, thinking about what a good friend he was to always have James' best interest at heart.

Remus, though, put down his pen and was staring at Sirius oddly.

"What?" Sirius asked.

"I think you've got it wrong," Remus started. "You suppose James is in love with Lily, right?"

"Course he is. He's always staring off after her."

"After *them*," Remus corrected. "How do you know he's not in love with Sni-- Severus?"

Sirius laughed heartily before he answered, "Snivellus is a bloke."

Now it was Remus's turn to laugh. "I suppose you and I aren't blokes then."

"Aww, that's different Moony. You're adorable."

Peter gagged theatrically, adding, "I knew I shouldn't have stayed up here with you two."

"Well besides," Sirius sniffed, "Snivellus is a Slytherin."

"James' mum is a Slytherin," Remus added. "And his dad's a Gryffindor. So I don't think that argument would go far with James. Besides, you thought he was after Lily, and she's practically a Slytherin."

"Hanging out with a Slytherin doesn't make you one," Sirius opined.

"Then you won't think less of James if he *does* want to hang out with Severus."

Caught in his own trap, Sirius' mouth dropped open. He was pinned between the belief that nothing in the world could make him think less of James, and the knowledge that no one who hung out with Severus Snape was any good. "Course not," he muttered, a hesitant compromise.

"Good," Peter answered over his textbook, "Because James already told me."

"Told you what?" Sirius and Remus asked at the same time.

"He thinks Snivellus is the smartest bloke in school. He thinks Snivellus is mysterious. He thinks-- blimey, I don't know what all he thinks and he told me not to tell you two anyway."

"Why not?" Remus sounded flustered by this news.

"Probably," James burst in the door all of a sudden, "Because you--" he leveled an angry finger at Remus, "would tell him," James pointed at Sirius. And "You," he was still pointing at Sirius, "can be a stupid oaf about Severus."

Sirius felt his jaw drop open. "Sorry I'm not as brilliant as your fucking Snivellus," Sirius exclaimed, and he pushed past James to leave the room.

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Sirius came to sit at a little spot he knew of by the lake. It was calm and pretty and he was not likely to run into anyone there, least of all Snivellus. He felt like a roiling jumble of emotions, so many they were hard to pin down. He was offended about being called a stupid oaf by his best friend. Did James no longer want to be friends? Did James think Sirius was stupid? Sirius, of course, was a minor genius. He thought so himself, at least. Just-- he did *act* dumb sometimes. He didn't like the way people treated you when they knew you were smart. Life was more fun when you could blunder about and make some mistakes. Was that James' problem? Or maybe James needed help in potions and he didn't think Sirius was smart enough to help him?

On top of his insecurity over James' words, Sirius also felt a steaming jealousy. If James was to go for a bloke, it should have been Sirius, dammit. Everyone knew that.

And, if that wasn't enough, Sirius was painfully aware that James was sharing his secrets with Peter-- *stupid little Peter*-- and not with Sirius. While this knowledge wasn't the chief cause of his pain, it did add insult to injury.

And now, to top it all off, James probably thought Sirius really was being "a stupid oaf" with the way Sirius had stormed off. Sirius lay back on the grass, watching the clouds float by overhead and wondering how in the world he could convince James that he didn't care who James went in for. Worse, Sirius *did* care, and he secretly *did* think that hanging out with Slytherins made you a worse person, but somehow he knew he had to show James that they could still be friends. He had to get James something James wanted more than anything.

He had to win Snivellus over for James.

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Tuesday came around before Sirius had even the barest hint of an idea for how he was supposed to help his best mate win over a slimy git he couldn't even stand. The entire thing went counter to Sirius' instincts, but he simply had to prove to James that he was a good friend, that he could rise above pettiness and jealousy and house divisions. He was sure he could. He had always accomplished whatever he put his mind to in the past, including becoming an underage unregistered animagus. Helping James out should have been easier, not harder.

So, Sirius steeled his nerves and approached Snivellus-- noting that he probably ought to stop using that nickname if this greasy-haired Slytherin was going to be dating his best friend. Charms had just finished, and Snape was glued as usual to Lily Evans' side.

"Hey," Sirius opened gracelessly.

"Bugger off, Black," Evans chimed in. Snape gave her a sharp look that Sirius had no trouble interpreting as displeasure, probably at being defended by a girl.

"I didn't say anything," Sirius offered, all innocence.

"What do you want, Black?" Snape asked

"Can I talk to you for a moment?" From across the room Sirius could see James staring in abject horror at the unfolding scene. Remus and Peter were shaking their heads, warning Sirius away from whatever he was planning. They didn't know, though, that what he was planning was best for everyone involved. Sirius turned his back to his friends.

"I don't want to speak to you," Snape gathered his textbooks.

"It's about James." Sirius was pleased to see this halted Snape's exit. Maybe James had a hope after all.

"I can't think of anything I care about less than *Potter*," Snape answered derisively before continuing towards the exit. The rest of the class-- Evans and the Marauders included-- had filed out during this stunted conversation between Snape and Sirius.

Sirius felt his opportunity slipping away. Frantically, he grasped. "You care where he's going to be tonight. I know you do, I've seen you follow us!"

Snape did turn at this. "Where *are* are you going to be?"

"Wouldn't you like to know."

"Tell me," Snape demanded.

"One condition."

"What?"

"Go on a date with James."

Snape's mouth dropped open. "With *Potter*? Never. Even if I am-- how did you find out--," Snape whispered.

Sirius, never great at bluffing, laughed. "I didn't but you just told me, and now I'll tell everyone."

Snape stepped closer. "I'll go out with him *if* you tell me where you're going, *and* you keep this bit of information private."

"Boys," Professor Flitwick interrupted, "I don't know what you're whispering about, but I'm sure you are expected by Professor McGonagall."

Snape and Sirius nodded to their Charms professor and slid out of the classroom, still walking close together and speaking in tones that no one might have thought possible for this particular duo, as they were prone to yelling at each other.

"I can't actually tell you where we're going," Sirius stopped to face Snape.

"I should have known you wouldn't," Snape sneered.

"I can't," Sirius answered emphatically. "But if you promise to go another time-- not tonight, any other time-- I'll tell you how to follow us."

Snape glared but answered only, "Why not tonight?"

"Because I said so," Sirius answered sharply, his patience gone.

"Fine, whatever," Snape snapped back.

"I'll just tell you this: to get past the Whomping Willow, there's a place on the trunk you have to press."

Snape grunted and walked away quite suddenly.

"Not tonight!" Sirius yelled in reminder.

Snape ignored him and continued walking.

Sirius, though, had no intention of waltzing into McGonagall's class late-- or at all really. He grumbled under his breath, trying to reassure himself that Snape wouldn't come tonight, and headed back to the dorms to prepare for the Full Moon.

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The first inkling Sirius had that something was wrong came as he, James, and Peter approached the Whomping Willow under the eerily bright moonlight. The tree was utterly still. Sirius felt a gut-wrenching flash of horror as his eyes rested on a long stick underneath the tree. Someone had been here. Peter stood gaping blandly. James stuttered and swore.

"I know who it is," Sirius felt his words rise up from the center of his being. He wanted to shut himself up. His initial instinct was to clamp his own hands over his mouth and prevent the confession from ever occurring. Something deeper within Sirius was screaming to be heard, though, and before Sirius could stop it, he heard himself finishing his statement. "I told Snape how to get past the Whomping Willow."

"What?" hissed James.

"I... I'm sorry," Sirius stared back at James' wide brown eyes. Then James was slipping into the passage to the Shrieking Shack.

Sirius had no doubt that his friendship with James was over.

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Severus had found, much to his own shock, that Black's directions worked perfectly. Severus laughed to himself. What a fool Black was to think that Severus wouldn't make this trip the only night the trip mattered: the Full Moon. His steps towards the Whomping Willow had been curious, but now that he was through and into the tunnel that began under the willow, Severus felt alight with the need to know what was going on here. His suspicion-- the fact that Lupin disappeared every Full Moon-- demanded caution. He peered around himself in the dark, trying not to get too muddy and failing. Finally, when he heard and saw nothing, he continued along the tunnel to its inevitable end.

At the end of the tunnel, Severus found a plain wooden door. It was locked, but the lock seemed to have a quick-release on the outside. That was odd, he thought. Why lock a door against intruders, but leave the means for intruders to open it? Severus didn't even need to use magic to unlock the door; a clever finger-trigger on the quick release popped the door open effortlessly.

Beyond the door, Severus was greeted with the sight of several wooden stairs up into a stone-floored cellar. The cellar was cold and smelled of dirt and must. He could hear a noise, some sort of scratching, like the sound a bird might make when stuck in a chimney. He turned towards the stairs that lead upstairs, and as he did so, the scratching stopped.

At the top of the stairs, Severus found a wooden hatch, closed, once again locked with a release on the outside-- the cellar side. He slipped his finger into the trigger mechanism and--

Suddenly, sound exploded at Severus from both in front of him and behind. He had released the catch, and the scratching was anything but bird-like now as something overhead clamored to pull open the wooden floor-hatch.

From behind, he was inundated instead by yelling. Turning, he saw James Potter screaming at him,

voice high-pitched and frantic. Severus stumbled backwards into the bespectacled boy as the hatch flew open. A full-grown werewolf was staring down the both of them.

"I knew it," Severus hissed.

Potter grasped him and whispered into his ear, "Whatever you do, *do not run*." And then, wonder of wonders, Potter stepped between Severus and the werewolf. Potter was still speaking, "Walk slowly backwards. Get ready to close the door."

Severus hesitated. He did not want to show fear in front of Potter, or, worse, be rescued by Potter. Still, he saw no other options available to him, and he did as he had been commanded. When Severus reached the portal, Potter continued calmly, "Now close the door."

"I never thought you were *that* egotistical. What do you plan to do, ask him politely to stop attacking you?"

Potter turned, smiled briefly, then his form shimmered and grew into that of a large stag. Severus was sure his jaw was on the floor, but at a single snort from the stag, Severus was through the door, slamming it behind him. He found himself back in the cool dirty tunnel that led to the Willow. The tunnel was pitch dark, but in a blanket-covered pile in the corner, perhaps for use on nights like this, was a spot of food and water and a lantern. Severus lit the lantern with his wand. His brain told him to head back along the tunnel, go back to his dorm room, forget about all of this. His heart, though--

Severus watched the back of the wooden door, simultaneously awed and horrified. Potter was in there with that *thing*.

"You bloody moron!" a voice exclaimed from behind Severus. He spun, holding the lantern aloft, and was not at all surprised to see Black standing there, pouting like a child.

"You are the moron, Black," Severus intoned flatly, fixing the lantern to the low ceiling with a sticking charm. "You told me how to get here. I would thank you, except that I was almost just *eaten*."

"Where's your boyfriend?" Black snapped.

"In with yours, idiot," Severus responded.

Black laughed unkindly and slipped down to the dirt floor.

"What do we do now?" Severus asked.

"Wait, what else? I'd go in but opening the door would probably get you eaten. Oh wait, what's stopping me?"

Severus sneered.

"At least my boyfriend isn't an egotistical arsehole," Black quipped.

"I shouldn't be surprised that your inane insults target your best friends too. Gryffindors know so little of loyalty."

"I was talking about *you*. I can't imagine why James would choose such a--- argh, why do I even bother talking to you?" Black shimmered then and shifted, and a large bear-sized dog was glaring uncomfortably into Severus's even gaze.

Severus sat down carefully on the cold floor, aware now that Black was right. There was nothing for it. They would have to wait.

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Severus woke up to a scuffling sound. His sleepy eyes cleared and he focused on the people in front of him. They were standing, murmuring quietly. As his brain realized his odd surroundings, remembering the night before, the figures began to make sense as well: Black and Potter were speaking in low tones. From the sound of it, they were speaking about Lupin. Black slipped past Potter without a glance at Severus, and the door to the cellar closed behind him.

"Morning," Potter interrupted Severus' thoughts.

"That is impressive magic," Severus answered, climbing to his feet.

"The animagus? Yeah," Potter shrugged, and Severus was surprised that Potter seemed actually quite humble about his achievement. Potter cleared his throat and continued, "Well, I am full-blood. Don't you Slytherins ascribe to blood superiority and all that?"

"I don't--" Severus started awkwardly, not wanting to explain to Potter that he was only a half-blood.

"I'm joking," James laughed suddenly. "You should have seen your expression."

"It wasn't funny," Severus muttered.

"Anyway," Potter sighed deeply.

"What are Lupin and Black doing in there?" Severus asked.

"Bloody hell, I dunno. Snogging?" Potter peered up at Severus through a hank of ragged fringe that was hanging in his eyes.

"What? Surely you are joking. I was teasing Black about Lupin being his boyfriend, but I didn't--"

Potter laughed again. "Oh yeah, they hide it well. Not as well as me," Potter was staring at Severus oddly.

"What?" Severus barked.

"You are, aren't you? A poofster?"

"Are you?"

"I didn't think so, until... well, until I started watching you, really. Maybe I'm not. I just like you."

Severus was speechless. He'd known already that Potter felt this way. What he had not been expecting was frank and humble confessions in a dim tunnel. Before Severus could react, Potter was moving closer. The whites of his eyes glinted with lantern-light. Potter halted his advance a mere eight or so inches from Severus's face.

"I dare you," Severus whispered.

Potter needed no more encouragement than that. Suddenly, his hands were surging forward, holding Severus by the neck as Potter dove in for a kiss.

Severus wanted to fight back, but, surprisingly, he rather enjoyed the sensation of another boy's lips against his. He had dreamed about this-- not with Potter, but with an anonymous boy that wouldn't share his secrets. Now he was the one who had secrets he might tell.

Breaking the kiss, Severus hissed, "I won't tell."

"About?"

"Lupin. The stag. Any of it. I won't tell if you won't tell a soul about this." Severus then struck forward, reciprocating Potter's kiss with a savage one of his own. He stopped and took a step back, adding, "Not even Black."

Potter, pupils wide and gaze unfocused, didn't respond. Instead he pressed Severus against the dirt wall.

For Severus, the physical contact was electric. He didn't have many friends, and physical contact wasn't a common happenstance in his world. He felt all his nerves were on edge, tingling with electricity. His dick stood erect, tenting out the front of his robes, pressing for more contact with Potter. Severus leaned further into the wall, willing his body to stop responding to the stimulus that Potter was providing.

Potter, however, clearly did not have the same wish. He leaned towards Severus, who soon felt a hardness pressing against his right leg.

For Severus, who had dreamed in secret for years of feeling another man's hardness against himself, the contact was both too much and not enough. He moaned involuntarily.

"Just-- just," Potter panted as he dove in for one sloppy kiss after another. Their lips missed, spit sliding onto their cheeks. Potter was breathing heavily. And then, Potter's hand began to move along Severus, through robes and trousers, stroking him to an even firmer hardness, a degree of desire Severus wouldn't have thought possible.

"Turn around," Potter ordered.

Severus spared a thought for refusing such an arrogant command, but he was turning even as he thought not to. He pressed his hands against the tunnel wall and sighed with ecstasy as Potter yanked up the bottom of Severus's robes and began fishing for the belt buckle on his trousers. Severus lowered his forehead to the cool dirt wall before him and let his trousers fall carelessly to the floor. An instant later, Potter was squirming awkwardly (presumably lowering his own trousers), and then the warmth of Potter's dick was pressing against Severus, skin-on-skin.

"I don't know if--" Potter asked, sounding unsure.

"For Merlin's sake Potter, fuck me," Severus interrupted, voice echoing from the wall into the tunnel around them. James emitted a high, delighted laugh and then his wand was out, muttering a lubrication spell that Severus was familiar with from self-ministrations. Then there was Potter, edging his way in. Severus gasped, tilted forward at an angle to increase the precious contact between Potter's dick and himself, steering the dick into himself. He felt spread, felt some facsimile of pain but not quite the real thing. Potter was slow entering him, and the sensations were exquisite and even gentle. The sounds Potter was making, though, were anything but gentle; little grunts and gibberish escaped the Quidditch hero's humbled mouth. Severus was gliding on sensation, proud to have brought Potter to the edge of reason.

With one final slow slide, Potter had fully sheathed himself inside of Severus. For a perilous



moment, both young men simply breathed-- no moving, no speaking. The tunnel seemed to throb with their hot breaths. Then, without warning, Potter pulled back and pushed his way in again.

The sensation of being exited and entered again made Severus gasp with pleasure-pain-pleasure. When Potter repeated the movement, Severus's own hips bucked to help him, and they instantly set up a rhythm. Severus felt his fingers clawing at the dirt walls. On forward thrusts, his exposed dick slid along the wall as well. He didn't think about the dirt, though; he was aching for more contact. He pressed himself harder into the wall, and, in turn, Potter pressed himself harder into Severus. Again Potter pushed into him. Severus's heart and cock were both pounding with the heat in his blood. Potter's right hand still held up Severus' robes. Potter's left found his shoulder, nails digging in. The pain was too much sensation for Severus, and he came, hot ejaculate covering cold tunnel wall. He shuddered and groaned as a moment later Potter came inside of him. A cry of ecstasy left Potter's lips.

For a precious, quiet moment, neither of them moved. Potter was still inside Severus, and he could not believe he had done this at last-- and with Pott- James? The name tripped awkwardly through Severus' mind. He wasn't prepared for that level of intimacy.

"Madam Pomfrey," Potter wheezed breathlessly into Severus's shoulder.

"I think you are confused. My name is Severus," Severus answered acerbically.

"She comes to check on Remus," Potter panted as he exited Severus. "Any... moment."

Severus parsed what Potter said and then wrested his robes out of Potter's clenched hand with a curse. "I won't be found here." He thought, but did not add, 'with you'. He hastily pulled up his pants, trying not to watch Potter tuck himself back inside of his own trousers. The Gryffindor was hung a bit like a stag, as well.

"Nope," Potter smiled up soporifically. "I won't be caught here either, she'll kick my arse."

"Then what--"

"Walk me back to the castle," Potter asked.

"If you think this means I have romantic intentions towards you--"

"Merlin, it's a walk. I promise not to make any untoward advances. Again." Potter winked.

"You are insufferable," Severus answered, nonplussed.

"Irresistible, I think you mean."

Severus shook his head, giving in to the inevitability of Potter's ego and the temptation of Potter's offer. "I'll walk with you as far as the front door, no further."

"No further," Potter agreed, taking down the lantern and swinging it cheerily, whistling.

Severus could not endure the out-of-tune whistling. "Shut up, Potter."

"Aww, I love you too."

"And tell Black I kept my end of the deal."

"What?"

"Just tell him."

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